

Herald's

Sporting

We Couldn't Think Of Anything
To Put In That Other Box.
Nor Anything For This Either.

Page

INSTITUTE WINS FROM SOLDIERS; EL PASO DEFEATS DEMING ELEVEN

Cadets, Outweighed by Players of 22d Infantry Eleven,
Demonstrate that Beef Does Not Count For
Everything—The High School Walks
Away With the Deming Boys.

El Paso Military Institute.....13
22d Infantry.....6

El Paso High School.....48
Deming High School.....0

That beef does not count for everything in a football game was proved in the first of the two games at Washington park Saturday. The Military Institute team, outweighed from 25 to 28 pounds to the man, defeated the husky soldiers of the 22d infantry.

The institute scored the first touchdown in the first quarter of the game when "Red" Tower, a game little fullback, took the ball across the soldiers' line after several successful end runs and the runner, Hill kicked the goal and the score stood 7 to 0 in favor of the institute.

It was in the third quarter that the soldiers hurled all their weight against their opponents' line, rushed the ball to the goal line and Martin pushed his way through the light school boys and walked over the line with the pigskin. Mahoney missed the kick for goal and the score stood 7 to 6 in favor of the institute.

With only two minutes to play the soldiers fought fiercely to gain another touchdown and tie the score if possible, but the institute boys had their pluck with them and they contested every foot of the ground. The game ended with the ball in possession of the army in their own territory.

The Lineup.
Military Institute—22d Infantry—
Stevenson.....Left End
Rand.....Left Tackle
Russell.....Left Guard
Reed.....Left Half
Sorenson.....Right Guard
Terrill, Baker.....Larson, Alin
Phil, Elliot.....Urbanski, Frost
Neima, Daryshire.....Mahoney
Hoover.....Left Half
Tower.....Fullback
Collins
Gelger.....Right Half
Referee: Albro. Umpire: Sullivan.
Time of game: Ten minutes.

El Paso-Deming Game.
By the score of 18 to 0 the El Paso High school won from the Deming High school in the second game of the doubleheader. It was a whole lot more than Deming's score. It was a runaway match with El Paso doing the running and Deming trailing behind trying, trying to catch up but never getting near enough to their opponents' goal line to see the color of the grass on the other side.

El Paso had the edge in weight, height, age and experience. The Deming boys played such a close formation that when their backs tried to make any gains they were stopped by their own line.

Speed in Deming Str.
One boy, Speed, right end for Deming was the shining star of his aggression. He seemed to know the game and he played it. Small of stature, slight of build and having the appearance of a boy from the grammar school he was full of grit and sinew. It was he who made the only appreciable gains for his team. Besides he was fast. He was down in the field in a hurry and he tackled like a demon. His face was scratched but he didn't seem to mind it.

Shes Shines For El Paso.
Shes, left half for the High school was the star of his team. He seemed to take the game as a huge joke and when he caught the ball, ran past his opponents smiling at them. His goal kicking was perfect. On several occasions the triple pass was worked by him, Hooton and Berle to perfection just as each of the runners was to be tackled by a Deming player. It

was a pretty play and elicited round after round of applause from the sidelines where the spectators took the contest as a farce.
It was El Paso that was penalized most often for offside plays, holding in the line and pushing their noses through the line, contrary to the rule.

Four 15 minute quarters were played and El Paso made most of its scores during the first quarter showing a noticeable relaxation during the second half of the game. In the last quarter, when it was seen that Deming had no chance to score coach Evans put in nearly all of his scrubs.

The Lineups.
The original lineup of the teams was:
El Paso.....Deming—
Shumaker.....Upton
Coldwell.....Left End
Fox.....Left Tackle
Foster.....Left Guard
Bogers.....Center
Talbot.....Right Guard
Walker.....Right Tackle
Roman.....Right End
Shea.....Quarterback
Darnell.....Fullback
Byerle.....Right Half

Umpire: Albro. Referee: Dearing.
Lineup: Crockett. Time of game: Ten minutes.
Other players who participated in the game for El Paso were: Robinson, Kiburn, Dower, Rogers, Naco, O'Neill and Sorrels. The other players who were in the game for Deming were: Watkins and Hubbard.

Football Notes.
The El Paso Military Institute team has a stiff contest for next Saturday. The boys will meet the eleven from troop M, 13th cavalry on that day. This is in preparation for the big Thanksgiving game with the El Paso High school.

The El Paso High school eleven expected to go to Deming next Saturday, but the Demingites could not stand the expense. It is expected that a game will be arranged with one of the soldier teams on that day.

Lieut. M. P. Short, of the 22d Infantry is to referee the Thanksgiving game between the El Paso High

school and the Military Institute. He is said to know the game from A to Z, and has officiated in many contests.

FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Saturday's Games.
Pennsylvania State 14; University of Pennsylvania 6.
Purdue 21; Northwestern 6.
Wisconsin 30; Chicago 12.
Michigan 7; South Dakota 7.
Carleton 24; Lehigh 14.
Cornell 19; Williams 2.
Minnesota 13; Illinois 6.
Oklahoma 6; Kansas 5.
Missouri 6; Nebraska 7.
Dartmouth 59; Amherst 9.
Brown 12; University of Vermont 7.
Washington 13; Drake 23.
University of Colorado 10; Colorado College 7.
Utah 19; University of Montana 3.
Utah Aggies 54; Wyoming 6.
Haskell 13; Denver University 10.
At Los Angeles—Santa Clara University 19; University of Southern California 3.

ST. JOSEPH PITCHER LEADS

LIST IN WESTERN LEAGUE
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 3.—Pitching and batting records of the Western league as announced here follow:
Pitching—R. Thomas, St. Joseph, 138; Hicks, Omaha, 121; Dossau, Lincoln, 127; Hall, Omaha, 75; Leonard, Denver, 719; Slaughter, Sioux City, 708; Johnson, St. Joseph, 697; Schreiber, Denver, 691; Kinsella, Denver, 687; Ellis, Wichita, 687; Beebe, Wichita, 667; Young, Sioux City, 667.
Batting—Isbell, Des Moines, 381; Boston, St. Joseph, 361; McElroy, Lincoln, 351; McCormick, Lincoln, 348; Block, Denver, 347; Watson, St. Joseph, 312; Zwilling, St. Joseph, 311; Beall, Denver, 307; Myers, Sioux City, 356; Kenworthy, Denver, 325.

Confidence Always Lacking in Camps of Major Elevens

By DAMON RUNYON.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 4.—A fighter, with one hand clutching the rope ready for his leap into the ring, pauses to issue a column and a half proclamation as to his condition, which has never yet failed to be finer than the fux on a bullfrog's back, and to explain just how and why he will win his squabble. So, too, a baseball manager, about to lead his vaudevillians and authors into the fray, will speak to the extent of half a page, illustrated by line drawings and photographs on the certainty of victory.

Napoleon doubtless lingered at the door of Waterloo to announce to the armies clustered at his rear that he would surely win unless it was a "frameup," and that certain that Hannibal used to dictate statements to the sporting editors of his time as follows:

"I was never in better condition in my life, and I advise all my friends to have a bet on me."
Such is not the rule in football, baseball, basketball or any other game, although at least it may be buried somewhere down among all those new codicils which have been attached to the original agreement drawn up since last year—far down, where no eye has yet had time to wander. It is the custom of the ages.

Zbyszko Does Not Want Gotch To Put His Title In Storage

Annual Offer Is Made by Manager Herman to Gotch for Wrestling Match—Has \$5000 Forfeit to Post.
By ED. CULLEY.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 4.—Jack Herman, who is back in town, has \$5000 in bills of large denomination which he is mad to get rid of. Not that he desires to cast the roll to the winds. No, sir—Jack is not foolish in the head. All he wants to do with that dough is to post it as a forfeit—a sort of bait to coax Frank Gotch back into the wrestling game.

It seems that Gotch is telling the folks on the farm that he intends to retire with the wrestling championship packed away in the barn. That's what is worrying Herman. The latter is guiding Zbyszko through the mazes of the grappling sport and wants to get Gotch to give the Pole another chance at the title.

Herman claims that the management of the Salt Lake Amusement company stands ready and willing to hang up a purse of \$10,000 for a match between the two stars of the hammerlock division. In behalf of Zbyszko, Herman is agreeable to the offer and is perfectly willing to allow Gotch to dictate the terms.

When McKinney rode in the east he was considered to have no equal in traveling over the sticks. When the sport shut down here "Bulldog," as he was called, went to Canada, where he rode with varying success.

James Johnson has graduated Eddie Morgan from the bantam class to the featherweight division. The clever manner in which the English champion disposed of Frankie Burns and Eddie O'Keefe around here has started Johnson on the jump. He now intends to chase the fleeing Johnny Kilbane until the latter gives Morgan a battle in which the featherweight title is at stake.

Johnson has wired to "Uncle Tom" McCarry, of Los Angeles, begging for a fight with Kilbane. As "Uncle Tom" thinks James is the only manager in the world, it is probable that James will obtain his wish.

"We expect to main, and possibly murder every member of that pusillanimous Yalevard outfit. We'll win further than you can shoot a rifle—there's nothing to it but us."
You don't read those kind of statements, though. The captain of the Nevadewests bemoans for publication the fact that Lefty Guard has a fracture of the bankroll and John Tackle has cast a shoe. The team can't win for 31 different reasons, and everybody around the camp is very sad about it. The innocent reader wonders that the parents of the young men involved permit them to play football at all if they are going to have to do it on crutches.

AND THE MONEY BLEW AWAY

Tales Told At the Ringside

By W. A. Phelon

NEARLY 20 years ago, when California came pretty near to being the boxing center of the universe, some of the fights pulled off at the San Francisco clubs were so wild—rather than the dubious order. As seems always to happen when the boxing game is let alone long enough for it to become a fixture, the promoters and the managers began to scheme, to frame things, and to double-cross the helpless public. When you can double-cross them in California, you usually make a good thing out of it, too, for the sports out there are ready bettors and will put up their hard earned coin on any proposition where they think they have an even break.

Along in the period when the fakes and lay downs were happening most frequently, Tom Tracey, the Australian welter weight, a crackling good man, arrived in San Francisco, and, as soon as he had shown his credentials, was given a match with a western celebrity named Gallagher. Tracey trained hard, got into good shape, and came down to the club determined to show his class and edify the native sons. Somebody suggested that he pay a friendly call to Gallagher, just to show that there was no ill feeling, and the Australian trotted over to his rival's dressing room.

Just as Tracey and Gallagher had shaken hands, in came two of the directors of the club, fat, important men, with beaming faces. "Ah boys," exclaimed one of the directors, "delighted to find you here together. Now, boys, we don't care a darn which one of you wins, if the fight please the crowd, but, for our own protection, because we are just going out to place our money, we want to know now which one of you it is to be."

Tracey, bewildered, uncomprehending, stared open mouthed, but Gallagher spoke up sharply. "I'm going to win," snarled Gallagher, and the directors, with beams and chuckles, marched away. Tracey, taking it for granted that Gallagher had simply uttered a bluffing boast, and never suspecting that the directors fully understood that the fight was fixed and framed, went back to his own room, got into his fighting togs, and waited the call to battle.

In a fast and furious fight Tracey worked rings round Gallagher a little later in the evening Gallagher was strong and game, but the Australian was a master with the gloves, and poor Gallagher, expecting every minute that Tracey would lay down, was finally bowled over. Tracey, never dreaming that he had soldly squandered a big killing, got his money and went away, whistling a Sydney ballad. The directors, losing several thousand dollars, saw their money take wings and blow away—and poor Gallagher, who had assumed all the time that he was to be made the victor as per previous agreement, was the great loser.

They did funny things in those old days, but sometimes the wise ones were the losers after all.

CRUCES MAY ENTER THE CACTUS LEAGUE

The Fibah club of Las Cruces favors a Cactus baseball league and is planning to hold a meeting on Friday of this week to discuss the proposition.

Argument is made locally both for and against the organization of such a league. Some baseball fans say that it can be made a paying proposition if ground can be secured close enough to town. They are of the opinion that Washington park is so far away from the city, it requires a horse to make the trip that only about half of the fans go to the games there.

Others say that a semi-professional baseball cannot be made a success unless there is some guarantee made by business men of the city.

One man who was interested in the tournament at Albuquerque during the fair pointed to the action taken by Silver City. That city picked up a team, paid the expenses of all the players to and from Albuquerque, the return ex-

penses of the men and also their expenses during the tournament and in addition, gave them the purse they won during the fair. This cost the business men about \$750, but they did it for advertising, and they figure that they were repaid for the outlay of money.

ADDITIONAL SPORT ON NEXT PAGE

A Card to the Public

The Cactus Shoe Shining Parlor is now located in the lobby of the Hotel McCoy. If you wish a first class shoe shine and all the black tack off your tan shoes gives up a trial.

Saffydils

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED
TA-RA-RA-RA
BONES-PECULIAR DIVORCE CASE
TRIED YESTIDY.
INTERLOCUTOR-WHAT WAS IT?
BONES-SHOE MAKER ARRESTED
FOR HAVING TWO WIVES IN THE
GAME BLOCK JUST 10 DOORS
APART JUDGE ASKED HIM
WHICH HE MARRIED LAST
SHOE MAKER TOLD HIM JUDGE
SAID HE COULD KEEP THAT ONE
GIVE THE FIRST ONE UP THE SAID
LAWYER FOR FIRST ONE OBJECTED
SAID LAWYER THAT FIRSTONE
WAS LAWYER WIFE JUDGE RE-
FUSED TO CHANGE HIS DECISION
INTERLOCUTOR-THAT'S A PECULIAR
DECISION
BONES-WELL THE JUDGE SAID THE
SHOE MAKER MUST STICK TO HIS LAST

FATHER ALWAYS WANTED ME TO BE A CLUB MAN

YES IT WAS A PARDY WIRE AND
MRS. JONES OF THE SUBURBS
FEELING LONESOME AND SAD
RUSHED TO THE WIRE AS THE
BELL RANG IT WASN'T HER
CALL BUT SHE PUT HER LISTEN-
ER, AGAINST THE PHONE AND
HEARD: "HELLO CENTRAL SAY,
WOULD BOSTON HAVE WON
THE PENNANT IF IT HAD HAD
NEW YORK'S BATTERY?"
BLOW YOUR WHISTLE!
YOU'RE COMING TO
A CROSSING
AVE A 'EART MEN

HALT!
WHO GOES YONDER?
TO WHOM ARE YOU SPEAKING-
TO WHOM?
IM SPEAKING TO YOU-
GWAH OUT O' HERE
FRESH CHAP-
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
NO-AND I DON'T CARE
WELL IM THE BOSS
THAT PUT THE
EYE IN EYELET



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Us Boys

Shrimp Just Can't Put One Over

By Tom McNamara

